THE CAPTURE OF LEGASPI.

A SPECTACULAR FIGHT IN SOUTH-ERN LUZON UNDER KOBBE.

The Expedition Found a Well-Fortified Town With Filipinos Prepared to Fight-The Difficulty of Landing-Spanish Commander of a Transport in Rebellion Attack Had to Be Made by a Flanking Movement With the Gunboats Assisting-The Exciting Encounter at Two "Godowns"-Filipinos in a

Death Trap -The Full Victory. Manila. Feb. 16.-Legaspi is the most important point commercially in southern Luson. it is the port from which the hemp of a large district is shipped, and the quality of the hemp is about the best. The town lies at the head of the bay of the same name. It is a long, narrow town, its two or three streets parallelling the beach in the arc of a very large circle, with hardly better than an alley across them, save where the highroad leads out to Albay, the capital of Albay province, and to Daroga, the best town of the district. In the matter of some few residences Legaspi is well built, in the solid masonry of the old Spanish days. There is also the church, but that doesn't count, for no matter how poor the Philippine town, the church is sure to be big, solid and fine. Along the southern edge of the town a broad, sluggish stream wriggles its slow, muddy way to the bay. Its southern bank rises abruptly in high, steep hills which swing in a wide curve behind Albay about three miles inland. To the north of Legaspi there is a swampy flat through which another, emaller, stream meanders. Beyond this flat Pises the smooth beautiful slopes that climb steadily to the base of Mayon, the huge volcano that heaves its deeply furrowed sides up into the clouds at seemingly half rifle range.

From the entrance to the bay the course to Legaspi is almost due west. The southern shore of the bay is formed by the main island of Luzon. Three small islands form the northern side and help to break up the long, heavy swell from the Pacific. It was just at day light when we turned into the bay. Gen. Robbe was on the gunboat Nashville, which led the way. Major Shipton's battalion of the Forty-seventh United States Volunteer Infantry, which was to garrison Legaspi and Albay, was on the Venus, a little coaster chartered as a transport, and Bishop's company of the same regiment was on the Castellano, another chartered transport. This company was bound for Viroe, on the island of Catanduanes. The British gunboat Plover came along just to see. The white ball of mist on Mayon's head turned rose pink, first herald of the advancing day. Hills on both shore stood out in sharp outlines. The line of yellow travelled down the mountain and reached the bay, vanishing in prismatic glory as a breeze sprang up and ruffled the smooth waters. Then over the northern hills mist and cloud settled down, and all the world was dull and gray.

We made very slow progress. The Nashville was spying out the land. The captain of the Venus said that on the top of that bold hill at the left we should see a staff and possibly a flag. Legaspi lay just under it at the right. We were still too far away to make out even a roof top. As we went along natives came out on the beach of the northern islands and be gan the day's fishing. Canoes moved along the shore. In the open spaces we saw carabaos driven about. On the mainland, at the foot of the mountain, appeared a solid white church. A little closer in and sure enough there was the staff on that hill at the south Then another staff appeared on the second hill. Then a flag on the first staff. But the breeze had all died out and the flag hung listless about the staff. Legaspi rose out of the uncertain haze along the shore. Not a flag was flying in the town. It was a bad sign Nevertheless Capt Symonds, eager for a fight and disappointed because the big guns were not already in action, made a bet of \$50 gold that not an armed insurgent would be seen or heard of authentically that day. Gen. Kobbe's information had led him also to believe that there would be no resistance. Yet Legaspi furnished one of the two spectacular perform ances of the expedition.

It was about 8 o'clock when we got close enough to the town to make out anything of cospect, and then that was seen which changed the attitude and talk of both officers and men. A little breeze straightened out the flag on the hilltop, and it was the familiar red and blue of the insurgents. That was the first. Then we saw the men-in their trenches -and we knew it was fight.

The beach at Legaspi is broad and smooth, but dips rapidly, and the water is deep at a very short distance from the shore. Five piers, built of heavy piling, are used in peaceful times for loading and discharging ships. They stand, three close together, and two at intervals of a hundred yards, in front of the centre of the town. Each pier is sixty or seventy yards long. Along the beach behind these piers range the heavy stone "godowns." A few nipa huts are clustered about the southern piers. South of the southernmost pier the insurgents had constructed a turret with a huge breastwork in front of it. Between this pler and the next was another similar fortification So between each two piers was one of these tremendous earthworks and to the north, beyond the last pier, was a fortification half a mile or more long. Thus they were prepared to join in a cross fire on every pier. From north to south their line was more than a mile

In ordinary times the method of making a landing at one of these piers is this: The ship goes in bow on until she is about a length and a half from the pier. Then she anchors and swings slowly around stern on to the pier. Lines are led ashore and made fast to sand anchors well up on the beach, one on each side of the pier. These lines are led to the winches and then by hauling in on them and elacking away on the anchor cable the ship is warped up to the pier. Gen. Kobbe had planned to land at one of the piers. He seems to have thought it would be possible to back the ship up and let the men run ashore, having taker out the rail at the stern. That at least was the understanding we on the Venus had of what was to be attempted. The rails were taken out and the decks cleared to give the men full swing. No one on the Venus said anything about getting the stern lines ashore. When we get close enough to town to make

long. Every trench was filled with insurgents.

out the trenches the Venus stopped and the Nashville and Plover steamed slowly along the whole line inspecting them. There were between 600 and 700 insurgents. Most of them were in uniform and all seemed to have guns. When the gunboat was close to shore they took intervals and got down behind the parapets ready to fight. Every trench was full of them. It was the nastiest looking proposition our men had faced and it seemed that we were going to have a hard fight for the town. The Plover drew back a little from the beach and called away a boat. It pulled straight into the beach. Two men in white walked down to meet it, accompanied by an insurgent officer on horseback. There was a short parley and then the boat pulled away, the men in white walking slowly back up the beach, and the officer going behind one of the breastworks. Afterward we found out that this was the Plover's attempt to take off the two men in white who were Englishmen, but that the officer had refused to let them go, saying that he would be responalble for their lives and property-a poor promise to men who knew as well as they what was

the Nashville set a signal to the Venus, "Land. Major Shipton went up on the bridge of the Venus. There was a long delay. Nothing happened. We were not more than 600 yards from the beach and could see the insurgents plainly enough to count them. There was no other sign of life in the place except the idle dogs to drizzle and the drizzle thickened into a rain. The men on the Venus were ordered to lie down on the deck and be ready to fire. We waited and watched and wondered why the insurgents did not begin. We were in easy range. They did not seem to be disturbed. We drifted a

when the Plover's boat pulled out of the way

little away from the beach and they got up and of these godowns, known as No. 3, the two walked about the top of the parapet. All who did that were in uniform and carried guns. It was the coolest work they had ever been known to do. Apparently the Chinese meztizo, Pan-an, who was their commanding General, meant to be as good as his name. The Nashville ranged alongside and from the bridge

hoarse voice roared through a megaphone: "Venus there! Gen. Kobbe directs that you go in to the first pier and land the troops

Every man on the Venus heard the order and heard it acknowledged. Still the Venus did not go in. Every man almost had seen the piers when we were close in at first, and knew that the planking had been removed. Still we wondered why we waited. Finally a boat came over from the Venus with Capt. Bradley one of the General's aides. He is the transport quartermaster of the Hancock, which took the forty-seventh on the expedition, and had volunteered as aide for the day. He wanted to know in very vigorous and true language, why the Venus had not obeyed orders. Major Shipton answered in a voice heavy with angel that he couldn't go in because the Spanish captain of the ship refused to take her to the pier. The Spanish captain admitted that that was so. Capt. Bradley suggested taking the captain off the bridge and having one of the other officers command the ship. Each man in turn refused. The ship was not a war vessel and no man of them was engaged in war service. They would not risk their ship, nor did they care to risk themselves. The Americans called them owards and made them angry, but didn't accomplish anything else. The captain of the Venus desired to know how the stern lines vere to be taken ashore, and who was to make them fast to the sand anchors, He had no right to send the natives in his crew on such perilous work. They were shipped as seamen

Finally Bradley went back to the Nashville and reported that it could not be done as intended. So Gen Kobbe decided to land a part of his force on the beach to the north and turn the insurgent left flank. He had figured that the men on the Venus would be able to keep down the fire from one side of the pier and that the Nashville could attend to the other, and he was disgusted at being compelled to change the plan. The Venus had three boats and Commander Rodgers sent two from the Nashville, all he could spare and keep his batteries manned. The Castellano had two also The order was to send twenty picked men from each company, but when the choosing was finished one company had forty and each captain had exceeded his limit. All the officers were eager to go, and ten of the Forty-third who had remained on the Venus to look after their regimental property were pleased as boys when Major Shipton let them go along. The insurgents hung around their breastworks and noticed the preparations for landing, taking intervals and getting ready for business every time the ships drifted in fairly close to the beach. It drizzled all the morning, and when about 11 o'clock the last boat pulled away from the Venus it was raining hard. Major Shipton went in command of the boats. The Nashville came alongside again and the hoarse-voiced megaphone remarked:

"Venus, there! Gen. Kobbe directs that as soon as the boats have landed their men on the beach you go in to the pier immediately and land the rest of the troops.

"Ay! Ay! sir." was the answer. Then the men lay down again on the deck and got ready to shoot. The boats pulled by the Nashville became little black specks in the rain far up the beach. The insurgents got down behind their parapet and only a row of hate at regular intervals showed that they were ready. They had been waiting about four hours in sight of

At a quarter past 12 the boats were half a mile up the beach on the insurgent left and close to shore. Crowds of insurgents could be seen plainly from the Venus, leaving their trenches at their right and running down the line to reenforce the left. The Nashville's starboard battery was manned. She sent us a last hair "Be carefu, not to blanket our fire," and ranged up close to the beach, not more than 500 yards off shore. At their extreme left the insurgent trench was prepared to prevent a flank attack. It extended back from the beach a hundred yards or more. Here the insurgents crowded thickly to meet our land rush. The Nashville and dropped an insurgent. Then they all took position where she could fire straight down the line.

It was just 12:25 when the first boat struck the beach. There was a little puff of smoke from the top of the insurgent parapet. The first shot had been fired at our men. Then there was a volley. In the instant the Colt automatic gun on the Nashville began its fearful tattoo and the whole starboard battery cut loose. The 4-inch shrapnel burst over and behind the insurgent parapet at the angle where the men were thickest. The Coit builets played along the top of the breastwork. It lasted about two minutes and there wasn't an insurgent behind that fortification. From far up the beach floated the cheer that said our fellows were coming. The fight was on in earnest now.

The men on the Venus opened with a will and peppered the town with Krag bullets. The Nashville moved slowly along the beach ahead of the men on shore and fired as rapidly as she could. But the train held the black smoke in clouds about her and it was several minutes after each round from the battery before her gunners could see their target again. It was another great demonstration of the value of smokeless powder that does not smoke. Still there was no effort on the part of the Venus to go into the pier. The signal fluttered from the signalyard of the Nashville, and Capt. Betts, the senior officer of the command left on the transport, did his best at persuasion, entreaty and direction, but the ship's officers steadily refused to obey. The Venus got in very close to the shore, and once came near blanketing the Nashville, but she moved back

in time and the gunboat passed her. The men of the landing party were now coming rapidly along the beach. They deployed straight out from the beach on landing, and then changing direction by the left, swung straight down along the insurgent trench. Part of them took the road behind the huge parapet, part ran along the top of the breastwork and part kept to the beach. The insurgents were utterly unprepared to resist such an attack, and fled precipitately across the road and into a nipa swamp. There they halted and under cover of the thick palms began firing back at the Americans. Part of our men stopped and began to sweep this nipa swamp with Krags with terrible effect. In one place seven insurgents, including an officer, tried, one at a time, to get across a little open

space and every one was killed. While this was going on the rest of the men in the road ran on to the corner of a big godown owned by Warner, Barnes & Co., of Manila, As they reached this place the men in the plant reached the other end of the same godown. Beach and road are parallel here and about 100 yards apart, with directions approximately north and south. This godown was heavily built of stone, and was surrounded by a heavy stone wall which ran from the north corner on the beach about twenty yards north, thence west to the street, thence along the street to a line even with the southwall of the godown, and thence to the southwest corner of the building thus enclosing yard space on the north and west of the godown, which stood about twenty yards from the road. The main body of the godown was rectangular, about forty feet wide by a hundred and twenty long. At each end, east and west, was an L toward the south, with a cockhouse in the middle on the north. The open space between the two additions on the south was covered with an iron roof. At each end heavy wooden doors led into the additions. About six feet south of running up and down the beach. It began the addition or L on the east or beach side stood an iron-roofed stone-walled building open on the west end, in which a lot of wood, planks and

beans were stored. Directly south of this godown, sixty-five yards away, was another, owned by the same firm. Both were full of hemp. In the first Englishmen, Workman and Osmond, agents of the firm, took refuge. Along the beach, be tween them, the insurgents had constructed one of their huge fortifications. It was a fee high by nearly 20 wide, built of sand heaped up between retaining walls of bamboo. From the northwest corner of the southern godown known as No. 2, to the middle of this breast work, a wide trench, four and a half feet deep, had been dug. A similar one led from No. o the breastwork, the two forming a huge Y Runways were cut from these trenches to the road. The north end of the parapet was about eight feet from the corner of the woodshed leaving an open space. No. 2 godown stood slightly further from the road than No. 3, and was not surrounded by a wall. From the corner f the wall around No. 3 to the corner of No where the trench began, was seventy-nine yards, and on across the west end of No. 1 o the far corner was sixteen yards more. Al

this is necessary to understand what happened. The fire from the Nashville drove the insurgents down behind this breastwork, but before they could run across the road and get away the advance came of the landing party. beach and road the Americans took them in front and rear at the same time. Then followed a remarkable exhibition, either of courage or despair. When all the rest had either run out to safety or been killed, the last man of the hundred or more who had been caught in this trap surrendered, and he was the only one of the whole crowd who gave up.

Running down the beach our men were stopped as they came by the end of godown No. 3 by a sharp burst of fire through the little open space between the woodshed and the end of the parapet. Running down the road our men were stopped as they started out from behind the wall around No. 3 by a sharp burst of fire from the men in the V-shaped trench. The men on the beach ducked into cover behind the godown. The men in the road took cover behind the wall. In the little covered space between the two Ls of No. 3 there were about twenty-five insurgents under a Lieutenant. They suddenly found that they couldn't get out. Our men in the street and on the beach kept up a lively fire across the Y trench and the insurgents lay low. They returned the fire by simply putting up their guns and pulling the triggers, exposing only their hands. The Nashville, not being able to see our men in the street, opened on the big parapet with 4-inch shrapnel. Just before she fired Capt. Bradley, who was with the men in the road called on them to charge the trench and started out across the open. He was wounded in the hand at the instant he left his cover, and kept on until he discovered that only one man was following him. Then he went back. The one man stopped behind a big tree, and before could return the Nashville began firing The men in the trench sat still and were unharmed by this shell fire, because their buge parapet protected them. Our fellows on the beach seeing that nothing could be done until the Nashville quit began to yell. The men on the Venus, which was so close in that we could see what was occurring on shore, took up the yell with interest. That led the men in the road to cheer simply because the others were at it. The Nashville heard and ceased firing. But the last shell struck the corner of No. 2 near the roof and exploded, starting a fire which ultimately destroyed the godowr and the 5,000 bales of hemp stored in it. The insurgents in the porch of No. 3 thrus

out their guns and holding them against the wall, with only their hands exposed, fired toward the beach and the road. One of our men on the beach jumped across the open space between No. 3 and the woodshed and got where he could see the insurgents in the porch, but could not use his rifle. He howled directions back to his comrades and stuck close to the stone wall. Lieut. Courder, one of the Forty-third sightseers, took a detachment from the beach over the wall around No. 3, through the backvard and into the cook house. From there he worked through the pitch-dark godown into the room in the western Lat the end of the porch. The heavy wooden doors were held shut by a great iron bolt which they couldn't remove but they could pull the doors far enough oper to make a crack about an inch wide. Through this they saw the bunch of insurgents at the other end. The crack was wide enough for the muzzle of a rifle. Some of the men held the jumped back to the walls. The insurgents replied immediately with a voiley through the doors. No one was hurt and presently the trick was repeated. Some of the men were searching meanwhile for a bar with which to hammer down the doors. They kept blazing away until they had dropped five insurgents at the other end of the porch and Lieut, Courder had got a bullet across the lip and a sergeant, one through the arm. The insurgents had had enough

of the porch then and began to get away. To reach their trench they had to cross that eight-foot open space beyond the woodshed in plain sight of our men on the beach and n the road. One at a time they made the jump. In the Venus we heard a yell and saw a section of our soldiers stand up on the beach and level their rifles at this open space Presently a Filipino leaped out from behind the woodshed. It looked as if he had run down a springboard, as they do in the circus, and was trying a long jump. While he was in the air the section fired. He fell all in a heap. We couldn't see from the ship that the men behind the wall at the end of the godown fired at the same time, but they did One after another we saw a dozen of them take that leap and fall. It was easier than shooting pigeons from a trap, for you knew which way they were going every time.

When this began the men in the V began to run out and cross the west end of No. 2, ducking into safety behind its solid walls and the great fortifications that led along to the south of it to a point whence escape to the hills was possible. Crouching low in the deep trench they got a good start and came out on the full run, still clinging to their rifles. It was sixteen yards that they had to make under fire. Our men in the road could see their bullets strike the wall. It was point blank range and they fired all together. They do not know how many got away. Seven lay dead at the end of the godown when the thing was over. The last to come out was an officer in immaculate uniform, wearing sword and revolver. He took two steps at the start as if he had the impulse to run. Then he checked himself and walked. At the far corner, with only one step to safety, he stopped, turned toward the men who were shooting at him and waved his hand. Then he took the last step and was gone, apparently unharmed. One man was still left in the trench-He was the one who surrendered.

Meanwhile the Nashville had gone on down the beach cheerfully shooting up the town with 4-inch shrapnel. At a godown in the south end an insurgent fired from a window. smoke of his Remington betrayed him and the gunboat put four shells through that end of the warehouse. In the fire which followed 2,800 bales of hemp were consumed. All this time the insurgent flags had been flying on the two hills south of town, and occasionally the men under the flags had taken pot shots at the Nashville, one of the bullets wounding a marine in the leg. The Venus had made no attempt to land her other men until after the fight at the godowns. She had ranged along the beach and the men on deck had fired heavily and with much excitement, one sergeant giving his squad a range of 2,000 yards when it wasn't a third of that. Now, however, Capt. Betts got the skipper to go close in and one of the boats having come back we all went ashore as fast as we could make it in the one boat. The first anding party was now through the town and preparing to cross the stream at the south and attack the hills. We had had five men slightly wounded. In the trench and at the end of No. 2 lay thirty-one men dead or dying, besides the five dropped in the porch by Courder's men. The big fire tree at the corner of the woodshed was in full bloom, every branch loaded with the great blood-red fllowers. The two burning godowns were sending

woman who owned the smaller one was in hysteries at her toss. She had taken refuge among the hemp bales, but when the sheus struck had

run out and into the river up to her neck. Workman and Osmond came out from their semp bales and surveyed their dooryard filled with dead and dying men, and their porch where five lay weltering. One of the badly wounded was Workman's cook, who had been impressed into the fight that morning. Already our surgeons and hospital corps were caring for the wounded Filipinos. One poor chap with a bad wound in the thigh was saying over and over again: "Pardon, Senor! Pardon, Senor!" as the surgeon worked at him.

Mr. Workman said that Pan-an had been inclined to surrender at the last. He himself and the Englishmen in the vicinity had impressed upon the Filipino commander the utter uselessness of attempting to fight the Americans and had almost succeeded in convincing him when there appeared a Tagal Colonel named Reyes who took command of the whole force. This man spoke in Spanish and was all for fighting. There were fewer than four hundred rifles in the whole force, and most of these were Remingtons. The rest of the troops were armed with bows and arrows, with bolos made of heavy palma brava, or with iron spear heads set in short bamboo handles. The insurgents had worked their whole force nearly six months on the huge fortifications they had not defended for an hour when the attack came.

As soon as the last of the men from the Venus were ashore Gen. Kobbe sent two companies to Albay, only about two and a half miles away. The road was lined with bows and arrows and other evidences of flight. The houses were all deserted and stripped, showing that there had been plenty of time in getting the noncombatants out of the way. Those who stayed had meant to fight. On a hill behind the Albay church a battery of four old bronze guns had been posted. As our men came up the road the insurgents fired these old guns and then ran into the hills. There was no more attempt at resistance at Albay for a time, although there was considerable outpost shooting that night

and the next day. Major Shipton having waded the stream at the south of Legaspi, found a skirmish line on the far shore and took the two hills on the charge There he got four more old bronze guns and came within signt of the fleeing insurgents. But that was all. The total loss of the insurgents was forty-five killed and ten wounded Most of their dead were killed by rifle bullets but some were hit by shrapnel. Many of them had been armed only with wooden bolas. But they furnished one of the most spectacular events of the whole insurrection

WANTED FOR KILLING FOUR PERSONS Chicago Police Asked to Capture a University

of Michigan Graduate. CHICAGO, April 28 - Police authorities of Chicago have received notices asking for the capture of George H. Wright, a Michigan University law graduate, who is charged with the murder of four persons in Utah and Colorado Attorney William J. Candlish, also an Ann Arbor man and now a resident of Chicago, has also received one of the circulars issued by Sheriff George A. Storrs of Provo City, Utah, and he is looking for Wright. Since August 31, 1897, no one interested in the matter has known the alleged murderer's whereabouts save, perhaps, Mr. Candlish. He is retained as Wright's counsel for defence in case he ever comes to trial and maintains the lawyer's right

comes to trial and maintains the lawyer's right to remain silent regarding all matters in which speech might jeopard the interests of his client. In the circular issued by Sheriff Storrs, the chief one of Wright's alleged crimes and the man himself are described:

"George H. Wright, alias James G. Weeks, alias C. T. Case, alias Mr. Stevens, is wanted for the murder of three boys on the west shore of Utah Lake in Utah county, State of Utah, which murder was committed on or about Feb? 16, 1895. The said Wright, alias Weeks, &c., it is supposed, after murdering the boys hauled them in a wagon onto the ice of said lake, cut a hole in the ice and buried them under the ice, and after the ice on the lake had thawed and broken up, the bodies of the murdered boys floated to the shore and were found on the shore of the lake in March 1895."

Wright, according to the circular, was born

floated to the shore and were found on the shore of the lake in March 1895."

Wright, according to the circular, was born in Medford, Minn, in 1861. He was the son of a wealthy farmer who gave him a liberal education. He graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan in 1886. He may be engaged in business as a lawyer, civil engineer, lecturer, newspaper reporter or mining operator, all of which pursuits he has followed. He has worked on a farm and as facowboy and is able to turn his attention to almost any kind of work.

Besides this, it is charged that Wright, then known as charlest T. Case, killed a man named Crampton near Guffy, Col., in January, 1897, and that he embezzled considerable sums from mining companies of which he was president, all at Cripple Park, near Guffy.

For the murder of the three boys in Utah their stepfather was arrested, tried, convicted

For the murder of the three boys in Utah their stepfather was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to death, but upon the later evidence of Wright's wife that her husband had killed the boys because they knew him to be guilty of cattle stealing, execution was postponed and the man finally pardoned a few weeks ago.

THE DEATH OF A NOTED NEGRO. Henry Demas, the "Black Prince," a Louisiana Politician of Great Power.

From the New Orleans Times Democrat. Henry Demas, the "Black Prince" of St. John the Baptist and St. James parishes, died vesterday morning at 8 o'clock at his home, 1713 Canal street. Demas has been ill for months with an affection of the heart that developed dropsy, and since October last has been unable, save for one night, to lie down He slept at the rare and brief times when he could sleep, and suffered intensely during all cound seep, and sunered intensely during an this period. He was conscious to the end, and when it came, he asked his wife to help him to bed. She did so, and Demas, expressing gratification that death was so soon to put an end to his sufferings, fell over on the pillows and

bed. She did so, and Demas, expressing gratification that death was so soon to put an end to his sufferings, fell over on the pillows and expired.

Henry Demas was born a slave in the parish of St. John the Baptist. When 16 years of age he entered the I nion army, served as a corporal, and received an honorable discharge at the close of the war. His political career began immediately on the enfranchisement of the negro, and in 1808 he was elected constable of his parish. Two years later he was elected to the House of Representatives, serving until 1874, when he entered the State Senate, where he remained eighteen years, being defeated and his career in State politics ending in 1802. He was Treasurer of the School Board of St. John the Baptist parish for ten years, and for a considerable time was on the Board of Trustees of the Southern University, the negro State college. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1879, being one of the leaders of his party in that body. In the Legislature and in the Convention, the State militia in 1874, as aide-de-camp on the staff of Kellogg, the de facto Governor. For thirty years he was a leader in the Republican party without a break, and frequently decided who was to be Congressman from the Second district. There was much bitterness connected with his political life, especially in the factional fights in his own party. He was a delegate to five National Republican conventions, a delegate to every State Republican Convention since 1879, vice-chairman of the Republican conventions, a delegate to every State Republican Convention since 1879, vice-chairman of the Republican conventions, a delegate to every State Republican Convention since 1879, vice-chairman of the Second district. Republican committee. His last crushing defeat was after McKinley appointed him Naval Offleer of this port in 1897. A strong fight was made against his confirmation, led by his former political friend, Gov Warmoth, and so serious was the opposition developed that he failed of confirmatio

failed of confirmation.

Some yearsage, during the political rioting in St John the Baptist, Demas was driven out of the parish, taking refuge in St James, after narrowly escaping violence. This ended his political hold on that Senatorial district, Marrero being elected to the office the "Black Prince" had held for so many years

From the Boston Journal.

Mr Ferguson, back from Europe, told his adventures at the Porphyry. He had been warned against the captain of the Bukonia, who was a fine example of the traditional old sea dog, whose brutsility and profanity were considered as the efflorescence of seamanship. Ferguson was at first deathly sick, but he managed to stay on deck. He saw the captain coming and he halled him: "Good morning, sir Isn't it pretty rough?" To which the captain answered: "Rough? Why in hell shouldn't it be rough the first day out, you blankety-blank, &c."

Ferguson went below. The next day, again on deck, he saw the captain watching him. Ferguson had learned his lesvon. The captain broke the silence. "Well, sir, you are looking better to-day." Ferguson roared out: "Why in hell shouldn't I be better the second day out, you blankety-blank, &c.

The Captain put out his hand: "Come into the cabin and have a drink, afid wont you sit at my table?"

AMERICAN WOODENWARE. Pretty Much All the World Supplied Nows days From the United States.

American woodenware is now exported in greater quantities than ever before, but it has for a long time been sent to many parts of the world. This country has in greater abundance than is elsewhere found the wood of which these articles are made, and it has developed and constantly improved the ingenious machines with which these things are produced at low cost, and so this country is the centre, as it is the natural home of the woodenware trade. Canada has the wood, and it makes and exports some woodenware, but it has neither the machinery nor the trade facilities to enable it to compete with the United States in these wares. There are New York city houses that have customers all around the world.

American woodenware is exported to England and to Germany and other Continental countries; it is now finding its way into Russia, which is a new market. It goes to the West Indies, and to South America, to China, Australia. New Zealand, India. South Africa -in fact, to pretty much all lands in which people live in a more or less civilized manner. These things are all the time going from here by steam across the Atlantic to various European centres for distribution from them, and one would scarcely find a deep water ship sailing out of this port for any part of the world that did not have more or less American woodenware aboard.

The things thus exported include a great many simple and homely articles of common use-for instance, clothes pins. Anywhere it the world, no matter where, the chances are that the clothes pins used in hanging out clothes were made in America. There are exported from this country many wooden pails of one sort and another, and chopping trays and bowls, and folding chairs, and many refrigerators. some of these being made so that they can be knocked down-that is, taken apart and packed closely together to save bulk and cost of freight in shipment. Many stepladders are exported, these also being knocked down, and there are exported such things as pastry boards and ironing boards. There are exported a great number of American school slates, these being not exactly woodenware, to be sure, but still having wooden frames. In slates we come into com-petition with Germany, America, however, holding its own. Slates are exported from here

petition with Germany, America, however, holding its own. Slates are exported from here to countries that might never be though of as places to which they would be sent, for instaile, large numbers are sold in Burmah. Ice cream freezers of American manufacture are sold all over the world, wherever ice, either natural or artificial, is used. The ice cream eaten in Calcutta or in Melbourne or in any other city, or country, Europe included, would be more than likely to have been made in an American freezer.

would be more than likely to have been made in an American freezer.

The export of American washtubs is chiefly to the Argentine Republic, and around up the west const of South America to the Latin-American countries; elsewhere in the world the English are selling a galvanized sheet from tub that we don't seem to have quite met yet; but we sell all the world washboards.

We export American brooms to various countries, and we send broom handles to Australia. American churns of one sort and another are seld wherever churns are used. Of woodenware in general, indeed, this country is the great source of supply for the civilized world.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Are They Gifted With a Sixth Sense Which Human Beings Do Not Possess?

There has been much speculation as to the nature of the faculty which carrier pigeons possess of finding their way back to places from which they have been far removed. mystery may never be fully explained and cientific men differ one from another in their views on the question. The gift possessed by carrier pigeons is evidently identical in part with that of migratory birds. It may be called the faculty of orientation, or, in other words, the ability to discern the direction in which a familiar place lies and thus to return to it after being taken away to another place. But there is a difference between carrier pigeons and migratory birds in the exercise of this gift, for the migratory bird chooses for himself both his starting point and his landing place and he ms starting point and his landing place and he may use his eyes in his outward journey to help keep the orientation in view when he returns again to the neighborhood of his start.

The pigeon has no such advantage, for he is usually carried in a baggage car. He is trained for short distance, at first until he can find his bearings even when 250 to 300 miles from his home. After this preliminary training the bird is often transported a distance of 600 miles or more and during the journey he occupies a closed basket in a baggage car.

of 600 miles or more and during the journey be occupies a closed basket in a baggage car. On arriving at his destination he may be detained there for some time, but when finally freed he is able to make the return journey with little deviation from the itinerary followed on the outward journey, though he did not see a rod of the country as he was being taken from home.

Mr. E. De Cyon, who has been writing on the flight of carrier pigeons in Revue Scientifine, says it is certain that with all our five sones it would not be possible for us to achieve what the pigeon accomplishes. We must therefore explain the pigeon's feat either by adopting the hypothesis that a sixth sense is developed in the pigeon and migratory birds, or we must look for some little understood external stimulus that is capable of affecting in the bird the nerve extremities of the organs of sense with which we are familiar. Most naturalists have adopted the view that carrier pigeons have a special faculty which we do not possess. Mr. De Cyon regards the faculty of orientation in these birds and in some other animals as a complex phenomenon, and in hisopinion, the feats of the carrier pigeon are largely the result of the acute sensitiveness of his nervous system to impressions transmitted through the retina and nasal mucous membrane. He adds that extreme development of the sense of location and of the cerebral organs in which the nerves centre may help considerably to perfect this remarkable faculty.

THE CIRCUS IN THE SOUTH. Amusing Instances of Attempts to Evade the Ticket Wagon.

From the Pittsburg News. "In the North," said the old circus man to a

reporter. "the desire to get into the tent by rawling under the canvas is confined to the small boy. But in the South the entire colored population comes to the ground and hangs around day and night looking for an oppor-

ored population comes to the ground and hangs around day and night looking for an opportunity to get in free. And to crawl under the canvas seems to them to be the easiest way. Men and women tramp around and around the tent looking for an unguarded point. We always put extra canvasmen on watch when we go to the South with our show. I have witnessed more than one amusing and exciting incident growing out of this desire of the negro to get into the circus without buying a ticket. They go literalliy circus-mad when the show comes to town, and they won't do a tap of work until it leaves. One reason why they don't step up to the ticket wagon and hand out their coin is that they never have any. There may be other reasons, but I have never inquired further into the subject.

"I was with old Adam Forepaugh one fall when he took his show to the South for an extended season. Two new canvasmen nearly precipitated a riot for us at Lexington, Ky. They had been hired for the special purpose of keeping negroes from crawling under the tent, and they saw an opportunity to make a nittle money for themselves on the side. They were able to work out their scheme through the fact that they were favorably stationed for it. One was on the outside at the connection, "Among the vast crowd of negroes hanging about the show was a large number who had come to town expecting to get in for 10 or 25 cents. The outside canvasman gave out a quiet tip that if any one had any change in his pockets, by giving it to the right person the could get into the show at cut rates. They began to crowd around him, tendering varied amounts of money, from one cent up to 45. He accepted all tenders. He told them that he would have to put them in one at a time. He did.

"The inside man was waiting for them. Just as soon as a black head would appear under

that he would have to put them in one at a time. He did.

"The inside man was waiting for them. Just as soon as a black head would appear under the canvas he would grab it, drag the rest of the person owning it in-side and shove him out of the other side of the narrow connection. From here it was a long way around to the man who got the money. If one of the dupes found his way back, which was uncertain, and wanted his nioney returned, he was promptly shoved under the canvas again and just as promptly kicked out on the other side. It was a kind of an endless chain.

"Why didn't the two men let them stay in? Well, old Adam Forepaugh was about, and if he saw an unusual number of negroes in

Why didn't the two men let them stay in? Well, old Adam Forepaugh was about, and if he saw an unusual number of negrees in the tent he would at once have made the rounds to find where they were getting in. That was why. The show was about half over that night when an unearthly racket started at the connection. A minute or two passed and we saw two canvasmen running for life around the hippodrome track with an angry yelling crowd of negroes after them. The audience enloyed it immensely. Thought it was part of the show. We knew different. A lot of us jumped in and headed the negroes off. That gave the canvasmen time to escape. After we learned the cause of it we regretted our interference. We lost two promising canvasmen at Lexington.

SUNDAY POKER IN POVERTY HOLLOW. Run of Luck of Korpstein the Undertaker

Mayor Connolly Stirred Up. The cabinet of the Hon. Pat Connolly met without him yesterday to discuss plans for providing a new Mayoral office, the present one being doomed to make way for the East River Bridge approach, and after a game of poker the meeting broke up in a row. If Connolly had been in his seat there wouldn't have been any poker and consequently wouldn't have been any row, for the Mayor of Poverty Hollow though he believes in playing "Forty-Fives," unalterably opposed to poker on the ground that it is demoralizing to the mind and the pocket. But Connolly had been hurrledly summoned to attend a meeting of the Emerald Oom Paul Secret Relief Association, and left a

letter to explain "Pathriotism above me own interests. Poverty Hollow is only a small place. Whin ther fate of nashuns hangs in ther balance Oi go phwere duty calls me. Of il be wid yez nixt Sundah. "Vell, if der Mayor ain'd here, den I move dot we blay a game of poker," remarked Charlie Wagner, the dry goods man, when Charlie

McGronicle had read Connolly's letter. The proposal was acceptable and the cabinet went to the hotel of ex-Alderman Eisman at Clinton and Broome streets to play. It was agreed that the limit should be 50 cents and that nobody should be allowed to go shy "If any mans has no money god, he shouldt

get ould of der game," announced Wagner, and the suggestion was approved by Eisman, Bismarck Rosco, Korpstein the undertaker, Mike Hannigan, the weighing machine man, and Pat Haunigan, the weighing machine man, and Pat Coleman of the Kerrymen's Association, who were the others in the game. The party played about an hour and then Korpstein announced that he had lost everything but 10 cents.

"Den get righdt ouid of der game," said Wagner, who was also a loser, and Korpstein became a spectator only. After watching the game for a few minutes he said to Coleman. "Pat, I vil bed you mine to cendts dot Wagner vill have haf a higher cardt dan you haf."

"O'll go yez," said Coleman and Korpstein won. He repeated the bet on the next hand and kept on betting until he had 50 cents on the table. A fifty-cent jack pot was announced just then.

and kept on betting until he had 50 cents on the table. A lifty-cent jack pot was announced just then.

"I vill go in," exclaimed Korpstein. "I had been a loser. I have mine ante here."

Against the wishes of Wagner and Rosco he was allowed to go in, and although allowed only a show-down for his 50 cents, he held the highest hand and raked in \$3. He went into the next game and won again. Then he kept on winning. He exhibited flushes, straights and full hands with regularity and after three hours' play had taken all the money in the party. Wagner was the last man left and when Kornstein gathered in his last chip Wagner exploded.

ploded
"Dis vas a gonspiracy. Id vas a pud up chob
to do us ouid of our money," he shouted. "To
led a mans go in by a game mit 50 cents to play
against mine money. Vot tam fools ve vere!
"It was your fault," retorted Hannigan.
"You vos a liar," replied Wagner, shaking his
first at Hannigan.
"O'l' liek any Dootchman thot calls me a loir,"
responded Hannigan.

"Oi'll liek any Dootchman thot calls me a loir," responded Hannigan
Korpstein started for the door with the rest after him, but he managed to get away. Hannigan and Wagner clinched in the street, but were separated by the bystanders and taken home by separate routes. When Connolly was informed afterward of the trouble over the

informed atterward of the trouble over the game he was greatly wrought up.

"Of'll git a new sit of min as me advisers," he said. Begorra, it wull niver be sid that Pat Connolly chums wid gamblers. Ther divil's in car-rds, annyway."

FORMOSA CAMPHOR MONOPOLY SOLD. How an American Bidder Got Left-Budget of Oriental News.

TACOMA, Wash., April 22.-To-day's Oriental advices state that Samuel Samuel & Co., an English firm, has outbid American and other foreign firms and secured the Formosa camphor monopoly for a term of years. The bids parrowed down to Samuel & Co. and a Japanese broker who represented J. R. Morse, President of the American Asiatic Society and other foreign firms at Yokohama. To the great disgust of these firms, the broker left Formosa before the contract was awarded, thus apparently back-ing out, though his bid would have secured the

ing out, though his old would have secured the contract.

The Formosan Government buys crude camphor at 35 yen a picul and will receive from Samuel & Co 65 yen a picul for first-class and 85 yen for second-class camphor. The contract provides that they must place it upon the Hong Kong and London markets at certain prices and furnish the Formosan Government with security to the amount of nearly 2,000,000 yen. They are required to keep 3,500,000 yen invested in business for at least eight years.

Ninety houses in the plague-stricken portion of Kobe have been burned. The Mitsui bank defrayed the cost of moving the occupants and furnishing new homes for them, receiving in

their contracts expire.
Viceroy Li Hung Chang has legalized big lot-teries at Canton by licensing them. They will furnish a revenue of nearly 1,000,000 taels yearly, which he proposes to use in suppressing piracy.

SAID IN SHORT WORDS A Strong Talk in Monosyllables Made by an

Ohio Man. From the Chicago Chronicle.

In these days of turgid eloquence, when public speakers seem to vie with one another to see how many triple-jointed words they can lug into a speech, and seem to scorn the strength and beauty of short words, an address delivered many years ago by A. P. Edgerton of Ohio has peculiar weight, and is an eloquent argument in favor of short, is an eloquent argument in layer of short, direct methods of speech. Mr. Edgerton is a former Member of Congress, and was civil service commissioner under President Cleveland. The address was delivered in 1882 at the commencement of the Fort Wayne High School, in Indiana, and while it was impromptu and not at all a studied effort at monosyllable diction, each of the words it contains is a monosyllable. Not only that, but as an oratorical effort it ranks high. The address is as follows:

follows:

"This day we close for the year the Fort Wayne free schools, and we now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach." I say girls and boys, for when three score and ten years have come to you you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your hearts warm; that you wear to brow of gloom, are not borne down with age but still, in heart, are girls and boys." When these years come, and I hope they will come to all, the tide of time will roil back and tell you of your school-time days, when the fair, the kind, and the true found love, but the false heart found no friend, no tongues to praise. These days bring rich gifts to age, and when you shall cease to think of them your dre has burned low and your light has gone out. You have been here tanght in the hope that the free schools of Fort Wayne would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world, would give you faith in all that is good and true, and lead you to seek work, for that you must seek and do if you would have a good name, wealth, a home, a charge to keep or a trust to serve. Go forth with a bold, true heart to seek the work for you to do.

"Keep in mind that the hours to work run through each day and that God's great iaw of life is. 'In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread.'

"Now, for you, young man, this truth is told." Go where you will through the world and you will find on the front door of shops and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth, where laws are made that make follows:
"This day we close for the year the Fort

and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth, where laws are made that make some men too rich and men of worth and work through all our land too poor, where men by law are taught to plot with sin, to spurn the right, that charge and cost and spoi, may make old 'Quirk's' law firms rich, where law is so plead that the indge must guess to find what's law; where quacks most fight o'er sick men's pains and dead men's bones, where types are set and none to mind the proofs; where priests do preach and pray and where schools are taught this sign. 'Brains Will Find Work Here.'

"Don't fear, Step up and ask for work, brains will get it. Don't let I dare not wait on I would'—ike the cat that loves fish, but dares not wet her

her foot.

If it be said. What can you do? Will you

her foot.

If it be said, 'What can you do? Will you learn a trade?' say,'I have none, but I can learn one and put brains in it.' When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and be sure to find it, it may be said to you. 'Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep?' That plow in its wise use, gives all men food."

"Do you see that wheel and that crank and those shafts and that press, and do you hear the rush and the hiss of the steam which moves them? Can you make and hold and run them? Can you build and drive the works and wheels which make the weath of the earth and cause it to row and to float to and fro from place to place, where it is the best for man to use it?

"Can you spin the thread and weave it which makes robes for kings and shks for the rich and vain, and deess for the poor, and an that skin and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use.

"These things are all shot through with threads of light—the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new-found light as the years go on."

TUXEDO'S INDIAN MEANING.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR'S ODD VOLUME OF HISTORY. After Much Research He Found That

Tuxedo Means "The Home of the Beart Contribution to Local History-The Volume Now Very Hard to Find, William Waldorf Astor is the author of a modest ittle volume of local history the existence of which is comparatively little known. In the earlier days of the Tuxedo Club a committee was appointed o examine into the original historical names of the Tuxedo region, and Mr. Astor did practically all the committee's work. So complete was his report that it was put together into a daintil bound little volume, printed on a fine quality paper, gilt-edged and in a cover of heavy cardboard and red cloth, with the title, "Historical Names of the Tuxedo Region." Mr. Aster's name does not appear on the title page. It is only signed at the end of the essay as it might be at the end of an article in a magazine. There are copies of the little book in the Historical Society's library and in the possession of members of the Tutede Club, but otherwise the book is rare, though an occasional copy strays into the hands of dealers

It was published in 1880. Accompanying the book and printed on beauf. ful parchment paper is a copy of the manuscript map of the portion of New York and New Jerseyin question, made in 1778 and 1779 by Robert Erskine for the use of Gen. Washington in his military operations against the English. The original of this map is in the possession of the Historical Society, and bears this inscription Surveys Done for His Excellency General Washington by Rob. Erskine F. R. S. Geogr. to the Army & Assisstants, 1778 & 1779."

in the flotsam and jetsam of the book market

Mr. Astor plunges abruptly into his subject "The earliest mention," he says, "of the name [Tuxedo] occurs in Sargeant's Survey of 1754, where it is referred to as Tuxedo Pond. In Ryen. son's survey of 1765 it is set down as Tuxche Pond. In Morris's testimony upon the State line in 1769 it is written Tuxetough, and in Chesecock's patent of the same year it is Tucksito, in Ryerson's second survey of 1774 it appears at both Tugseto and Tucsedo. Erskine, in hie survey of 1778-79. writes it Tuxedo, Texedo and Toxedo.

The Marquis de Chastellux, one of the French officers who came to this country during the war of the Revolution with Lafayette, mentions the name in the journal he kept of his movements, and his spelling of it is an amusing or reproduction of the name as its local pr sounded to his French ears. By a se reproduction of the name as its local pror sounded to his French ears. By a sort process from that by which it has became of faith with some French people that it pronunciation of the English term "his "igg leaf," the Marquis de Chastellu the conclusion that the proper spelling of "Duck Sider." From which it is to be that the local pronunciation of Tuxee Marquis's days, if not in these, was "To that the local pronunciation was "Tu Marquis's days, if not in these, was "Tu It was in 1780 that the Marquis de It was in the last by Journal as I

wrote the name in his big journal as I and by a curious little chain of cal events his amusing error led e recently as 1847 and 1875 to attri of the name to the great number cal events his amusing error led etymologists a recently as 1847 and 1875 to attribute the origi of the name to the great number of cedar tree that grew in the vicinity. In Eager's and Rutenber's histories of this tract, written respectively in 1847 and 1875, the name appears as I've Cedar, accompanied by the grave explanation that the name comes from the abundance of the cedar trees and that the place is the favorite in sort of great numbers of wild ducks!

Mr. Astor, however, became convinced the the name as found in its earliest menuton. Sa grant's Survey of 1754, is undoubtedly the corruption of one or more Indian words, and a cordingly be studied the language of the Agonquins who in early days occupied the Tuxel region. He says: "It is found that the left X, being unknown in this dialect, is represented in the fragments that remain by ks. It is also found that 'to' or 'tough' means 'a place.' "It best authorities upon the language of the Agonquins have found that the name Tuxed no matter how spelled, contains no elemen that mean pond, lake or water; nor can the woor any of its variants be made to nean english like 'beautiful view,' as has been stated.

"It has been suggested that a frequent hab of the Indians was to name a place after the chot."

"It has been suggested that a frequent ha of the Indians was to name a place after the cl whose tribe occupied it, and this clue being taken up, mention was discovered of a Sachem named P'tauk-Seet, 'the bear,' who, in the seventeenth century, ruled over a tract of country including Tuxedo. Using his name with 'tourh,' the Algonquin for 'place,' we should infer the spelling to have been P'tauk-Seet-tough, and its meaning 'The Home of the Bear.

"Another surmise is that, as the forest called 'The Greenwood, and lying westward of Tuxedo, was occasionally the refuge of bears. 'the district may have received from the Indians the appellation, 'Place of Bears.

"The first settlement at Tuxedo was made." whose tribe occupied it, and this clue being

"The first settlement at Tuxedo was made at the northern extremity of the lake, to 1765, a woodcutter named Hasencley closed a ten-acre tract lying equally on both of the outlet. On a survey, made in 17

to 1765, a woodcutter named Hasenclever in closed a ten-acre tract lying equally on both side of the outlet. On a survey, made in 1778, is shown his enclosure and the dam built by him and also the position of the house situated fifty yards northwesterly from the dam, and huilt by a man named Howard, who was probable the original settler. During the Revolution, when the iron works on the Ramapo were hable to interpreten by the British, Hasenclever's dam was raised several feet, and the overflow turned south west to supply the Ringwood furneces in New Jersey. During this period Tuxedo Lake was the resort of a band of cowboys, who at times found shelter among the rocks which they named after their leader. 'Claudius Smith's Cave.

"The first description of this section is written by the Marquis de Chastellux, who, on Dec. 19, 1780, following the Continental road through the gorge south of the lake, then called 'Illa Clove,' presently came in view of Tuxedo. He mentions that at Hingwood he stopped to ask his way, and that at Erskine's house they gave him full information about the roads and wood paths, and also 'a glass of Madeira, in accordance with a custom of the country, which will not allow you to leave a house without taking something.

Having been thus refreshed, the Marquis says! I got on horseback and penetrated afreshinis the woods, mounting and descending precipitous something. It is banks are so steep that if a deer made a false step on the top he would infallibly roll into the lake. This lake, which is not marked upon the charts, and is called Duck Sider, is about three miles long and two miles wide [sic'], and is in the widest, most describ magination was enjoying the solitude when at distance I perceived in an open sput a quadruped, which a nearer observation showed to be wide [sic]. and is in the wildest, most descried country I have yet passed through. My poetic imagination was enjoying the solitude when at a distance I perceived in an open spet a quadruped, which a nearer observation showed to be not the elk or caribou, for which I at first mistook him, but a horse grazing peaceably in a field belonging to a new settlement."

In concluding his little historical study Mt. Astor devotes some space to proposed amendments or changes of the names of localities in the Tuxedo region and he recommends that the original names be retained where they still existed or restored where others have taken their places. He closes with the following suggestions touching the revised nomenclature.

"First—That the gorge extending southward from the lake be called The Clove, by which it was known a century ago.

"Second—That the hiding place of the Revolutionary cowboys receive again its appellation, 'Claudius Cave,' and that at some convenient opportunity it be rendered accessible by a wood path.

"Third—That some fragment of the road traversed by Washington and his army be preserved under the name of 'The Continental Road, as a promenade near the club house.

"Fourth—That a position about midway between the southern extremity of the lake and Fishwarden's Point, at which locality Chastellux must first have seen the lake, he cleared and trovited with rustic benches; that several cuts radiators.

first have seen the lake, he cleared and provided with rustic benches; that several cuts radiating from it be made through the trees, so as to give glimpses over the lake, and that this spot be called

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat "Mark my words," said an observant gentleman, who takes an interest in military matters, the soldier of the future will wear armor. W. are about to revert to first principles and will again illustrate the well-known fact that fashs ions move in cycles.

"No; I am not joking. The conditions of modern warfare make armor eminently pracmodern warfare make armor eminently practical. A small caliber, high-power rife will carry two miles, and it is next to impossible for troops to advance through the zone of fire, if it is continuous and well directed. But suppose there was some method by which they could approach within say half that distance of the enemy and keep up a steady fusillade without special danger to themseives—it goes without saying that they would wan the day, and there is exactly where armor comes in. Several of the European toverhaments are now experimenting with may also shields, which may be pushed in front of soldiers as they advance. There is nothing particularly new in that idea it was used in the siege of Troy. From movable shields to a protective garment is merely a development of the sent thought.

protective garment is morely
the same thought.
"My notion of the coming armor is a chest
plate, leg greaves and a mask made of Krupp
steel, a quarter inch thick. That would turnst
rifle bullet at a mile range and be sufficiently
light for any strong man to carry. It wouldn't
be necessary to shield the back or sides, an be necessary to shield the back or sides, and troops protected as I suggest could push into the zone of fire with comparative inspinity. To be sure, they couldn't make a bayonet charge, but bayonet charges have gone out of date, anyhow. They would be long-ranging the sure of the su